An Account of a

CONFERENCE

Between His Grace,

GEORGE

Late DUKE of

Buckingham,

AND

Father *Fitz-Gerrald,*

An *IRISH PRIEST:*

Whom King *JAMES* II. sent to His Grace in his Sickness, to endeavour to pervert him to the *Popish Perswasion.*

Faithfully taken by one of His Domesticks.

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An Account of a Conference between His Grace, George *late Duke of* Buckingham, *and Father* Fitz-gerrald, *an* Irish *Priest*, &c.

Priest. MAY it please your Grace, I come from his Majesty, who sent me on purpose to wait on you.

Duke. *I am exceedingly beholding to his Majesty for all his favours. I thought I had long ago been out of his remembrance: pray, Sir, take a Chair. And what may your Errand be?*

Priest. His Majesty being informed of your Grace's Illness; and, as it becomes a Prince, who has a true regard for his Subjects, compassionating the dangerous circumstances you are in at present, commanded me to use my best endeavours to reclaim your Grace from that heretical Communion, 'tis now your unhappiness to embrace, and reconcile you to the Catholick Church, out of which there is no Salvation.

Duke. *I perceive, Sir, you're a Priest.* S—am. *Bring up a Bottle of Wine and clean Glasses* —— *do you smoak Sir?*

Priest. An't please your Grace, I did not come to drink, but ——

Duke. *Well, well, a glass now and then wont spoil Conversation. But do you say, Sir, there's no salvation to be had out of the pale of the Catholick Church.*

Priest. 'Tis not my private Opinion, all the great Doctors of our Church maintain it.

Duke. *And by this Catholick Church, you mean the Church of* Rome, don't you?

Priest. I doe.

Duke. *Why then Father, I am afraid you'll find it a hard matter to bring me to have a good Opinion of her.* (Enter boy with the bottle and glasses) *Set them down before us, and get you gone. Come, Father, here's to Majesties good health.* *Priest.*

Priest. I humbly thank your Grace; but you have fri'd me too unmercifully, I can never——

Duke. *Never take off such a trifle, you are no Priest then. Come, I'le engage it never indisposes you What wou'd the King say to you, shou'd he know you refus'd his Health.*

Priest. Well then I submit. His Majesty's (*Drinks off his Glass*) health, and your Grace's commands must never be disputed.

Duke. *But all this while, Father, you take no* (playing with the Cork) *notice of my fine Gelding here. Do but observe his equisite shape, What a fine turn'd neck is there? His Eyes, how lively and full? His pace, how Majestick and noble? I'll lay a hundred Guineas, there's nothing in* New-market *can compare with him.*

Priest. An't please your Grace, I see no Horse.

Duke. *Why, don't you see me play with his Mane, stroke him under the Belly, clap his Buttocks, and manage him as I please.*

Priest. Either your Grace is merrily dispos'd, or else your illness has had a very unlucky effect upon your Grace's Imagination. Upon my sincerity I see nothing but a Cork in your hands.

Duke. *How! my Horse dwindled into a foolish piece of Cork? Come, Father, this is very unkindly done of you, to turn the finest Gelding in* Europe, *whose Sire was a true Arab, and had a better genealogy to show, than the best Gentleman in* Wales *or* Scotland *can pretend to; nay, whose illustrious Ancestors have had the honour to carry several Sultans of* Babylon, *Caliphs of* Ægypt, *Grand Signiors of* Constantinople, *and Xeriffs of* Morocco *upon their backs: to turn, I say, a Creature so well descended, into an insignificant idle Cork —— It surprizes me, it puts me into confusion, I can't tell what to say or do; therefore at my request once more observe him more carefully, and tell me your Opini-*

Priest. Not to flatter then this melancholly humour in your Grace, which may but serve to confirm and rivit it the more in you, I muſt roundly and fairly tell your Grace, that 'tis a Cork, and nothing but a Cork.

Duke. *'Tis hard, that a perſon of my Quality's word won't be taken in ſuch a matter, where I have not the leaſt proſpect of getting a farthing by impoſing upon you. But, Father, how do you make good your Aſſertion? I ſay ſtill 'tis a Horſe, you tell me 'tis a Cork; how ſhall this difference be made up between us?*

Priest. Very eaſily; For inſtance. I firſt examine (*taking the Cork from the Duke*) it by my Smell, and that tells me 'tis Cork. I next conſult my ſight, and that affirms the ſame: then I judge it by my Taſte, and ſtill 'tis Cork. In ſhort my Touch aſſures me 'tis Cork; and my Ears that have heard the Deſcription of this Bark, a hundred times, concur in the ſame Story. 'Tis impoſſible, that all my Senſes ſhould be bantter'd and cheated in an Affair of this Nature; and they are the proper judges to appeal to upon ſuch Occaſions.

Duke. *Nay, ſince you are ſo poſitive, Father, I won't conteſt the matter with you, but e'en let it be a Cork. The Fumes ariſing from my Illneſs (which I thank you for not flattering) I perceive had ſomewhat diſordered me: but now they are blown over, and I ſee as plain as a pike ſtaff, that 'tis nothing but a Cork* ——— *So now, Father, if you pleaſe, to the buſineſs in hand.*

Priest. I preſume your Grace believes the Trinity?

Duke. *Hark you, Father, before you proceed a ſtep farther, thou'rt plaguely miſtaken, if thou think'ſt to make the Trinity a ſtepping ſtone to Tranſubſtantiation. I thought you came to reconcile me to thoſe points, about which the two Churches differ; and not to ſpend your breath to no purpoſe, upon a Subject wherein we are agreed.*

Priest. Be it ſo then, and ſince your Grace has men-

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tion'd to Tranſubſtantiation, we'll enter into the merits of that Controverſie. I need not remind your Grace, that no Article of our Holy Religion is ſo expreſſly laid down in Scripture as that: For what can be plainer than, *Hoc eſt Corpus meum?*

Duke. *But under favour, Father, 'tis not ſo plain as you imagine. 'Tis certain the primitive Chriſtians believed nothing of the matter, nor ever dream't of a corporal preſence: for what Tragical work would Lucian, Porphyry, Cellus, and the other Learned Adverſaries of Chriſtianity, have made with the Chriſtian Apologiſts, (who uſed to charge the Pagans with Barbarity of their humane ſacrifices; expoſe the foible of their Deities and droll upon old* Saturn *for devouring his own Children) had Tranſubſtantiation been the avowed Belief of thoſe primitive Times? How wou'd they have inſulted the Chriſtians, and turn'd off the edge of this Recrimination from themſelves; con'd they have taxed the Chriſtians with that moſt abſurd, and moſt barbarous principle of eating the very God that Made and Redeem'd them?*

Prieſt. However this Article (as abſurd and monſtrous as your Grace repreſents it) has the Countenance of Fathers and Oecumenical Councils, and has been aſſerted by all the celebrated Doctors of the Greek and Latin Church; not to mention a conſtant Series of Miracles, that have ſupported it ever ſince the Inſtitution of our Religion.

Duke. *As for your Fathers and Councils, I value them not a farthing. They are Men as well as we; and conſequently as liable to miſtakes: Beſides, I muſt tell you plainly, 'tis not fair to mention them out of a Library; where you may immediately be ſatisfied whether the quotation is honeſt, or to any other, but ſuch who have carefully read them over in the Originals, whereas, 'tis common with you Prieſts to make a great pother about them to Tradeſmen, and Seamen. 'Tis*

plain, the Fathers and Councils were never intended to be the Regulators of our Faith, for three parts in four of Mankind, have neither capacity nor leiſure to read them; and of thoſe few that do, fewer underſtand them, *and even thoſe that pretend to underſtand them are at endleſs Wars, whether they are genuine or no, and make no ſcruple to reject them when they don't ſerve their turn.*

Prieſt. To let your Grace ſee I am a fair Adverſary, I will at preſent lay aſide both Fathers and Councils, and appeal even to your own Tranſlation of the Bible, where at the inſtitution of this Miſterious Sacrament, our Saviour expreſly tells his Diſciples, *This is my Body.*

Duke. *So he tells them in the ſame Book,* I am the Door, *and,* I am the Vine; *and yet I never heard that any ſet of of Men, or any particular Man was ever ſo frantick as to maintain, that he was either a* Door, *or a* Vine, *tho' they have as plain a Text to countenance it, as you have for Tranſubſtantiation. All theſe are figurative Expreſſions, ſuch as daily occur in common Converſation, and none but Fools out of ignorance, or Knaves out of intereſt, interpret them in the literal Senſe.—— But to diſmiſs this digreſſion, prithee tell me, honeſt Father, whether at the celebration of the laſt Supper, our Saviour gave himſelf to be verily and really eaten by his Diſciples.*

Prieſt. No doubt on't, for what ſays St. *Auſtin* upon this Occaſion? *Chriſtus portavit ſeipſum manibus ſuis.*

Duke. *If that Father was ſuch a Coxcomb as to expreſs himſelf ſo fooliſhly, what's that to me?* —— *Well then, if our Saviour was really eaten by his Diſciples at that Supper, it follows of courſe, that he was really dead, and that he ſuffer'd death, and was made an oblation for the ſins of Mankind, before he offer'd himſelf a victim to the Juſtice of his Father upon the Croſs, which, I ſuppoſe, you will hardly maintain.*

Prieſt. May it pleaſe your Grace, theſe are Miſteries, imparted to us by Divine Revelation, which we are, with the utmoſt ſubmiſſion to believe, tho' they ſhock our Reaſon and Senſes never ſo much.

Duke.

Duke. *I ſee, Father, I muſt refreſh your Memory with a piece of Cork, which I poſitively affirm once more to be a Horſe: Juſt now you wou'd be governed by the Senſes, in thoſe matters that properly belong to their Tribunal: but now you diſown the Juriſdiction of the Court, which is not honeſtly done.*

Prieſt. Bu in matters of Faith. ———

Duke. *And what of all that? No Man ſhall ever perſwade me to believe againſt the plain conviction of my Senſes* ——— *Here's a conſecrated Wafer; you tell me 'tis God Almighty: I ſay 'tis a piece of Bread, and nothing elſe. If I examine it by my Taſte, 'tis Bread, if by my ſmell, ſight and touch, 'tis Bread ſtill. Now why (for the ſake of a dubious Phraſe, which is agreeable to Senſe and Reaſon, when underſtand Metaphorically, but involves a million of contradictions and abſurdities, when taken literally) ſhould I ſet up a moſt monſtrous and impious Doctrine, in down-right oppoſition to common Senſe and Reaſon, to the end of our Saviour's ſuffering upon the Croſs, which was to be performed but once, and not daily, as you aſſert, in ten thouſand different places, and laſtly to the Majeſty of the Divine Eſſence?*

Prieſt. My Lord Duke, you muſt humble your Reaſon to reconcile your ſelf to this Holy Myſtery, which even the Angels themſelves don't comprehend.

Duke. *Our Saviour, when he firſt inſtituted his Religion, wrought ſeveral Miracles before the people, by which he appeall'd to their Senſes, ſo 'tis plain, he thought 'em the proper Judges of Miracles. When you have a* Mahumetan *or* Pagan *to Convert, you tell him of theſe ſame Miracles, and that they cou'd proceed from nothing but a Divine power, and ſo you get him into your Church; but as ſoon as you have got him there, you preach up quite contrary Doctrine, and tell him, he muſt renounce his Reaſon and Senſes, under pain of damnation. Thus you ſubtilly appeal to his Senſes, to wheedle him into St.* Peter's *Net, but when you have him ſafe there, you muſt truſt to them no longer, nay, he muſt lay them aſide as Enemies to the Catholick Truth.*

Prieſt. As abſurd as your Grace looks upon this Doctrine to be, 'tis believed, by the Majority of the Chriſtian World.

Duke.

Duke. *That's worse and worse ſtill: In all Ages and Nations of the World, Error ever drew more Proſelites after it, than the Truth — But not to combat ſo inhumane as well as nonſenſical a Tenant any longer, I'le tell you a ſhort Story. When I was ſent Ambaſſador from the late King to* Paris, *in the Year* 1670. *I took over with me a young Black-a-moore Boy, who cou'd juſt make a ſhift to be underſtood in* Engliſh; *and this Boy one Holy-day Morning, went along with ſome of my Gentlemen to ſee the Curioſities of ſo remarkable a City, and all of them at laſt went into* Notredame *Church, as the Prieſt was celebrating Maſs, at the High Maſs. The Lad was perfectly ſurpriz'd at their rich Habits, and fine Muſick; and when the Prieſt came to the* Elevation, *he ask'd one of my Gentlemen, what that white thing was, which the Man in the party-colour'd Coat held up in his Fingers? Why (replies he) theſe People believe it to be God Almighty. Not long after, at a ſide Altar, he ſaw a Prieſt giving the Wafer to a parcel of People upon their Knees, and putting it into their Mouths. What (cries he to the Gentleman) do they eat their God after they have ſo ſolemnly Worſhip't him? Yes, anſwers he, this is their Belief. The Boy was ſo ſtrangely confounded at what he had obſerved, that he ſpoke not a ſyllable when he came home, but was moping and muſing by himſelf. I cou'd not but take notice of this alteration in him at Dinner. So, Tom. (ſays I to him) what's the matter with thee, if thou'rt ill, go down to the Houſe-keeper. No, cries he, I am not Sick, but I have ſeen a very odd ſight this Morning, that I can't be thinking on. I ſaw a Man in fine Cloths ſhow the people God, and they fell upon their Knees, and beat their Breaſts, and afterwards I ſaw this Man put God into their Mouths, and they ſwallowed him. Well (ſays I, and where's the harm of that, Tom? I don't know, ſays the Boy, why they ſhould eat God, ſince he does us no harm: but if they have the ſame power over the Devil, I wiſh we had a hundred or two of theſe fine Men in our Country to eat the Devil for us; for we cannot reſt for him a Nights, he pinches us in the Arms, Sours our Palm Wine, ſpoils our Victuals, and is ſo plaguy Miſchievous; he and his young Cubs, that we ſhould be glad to get rid of him at any rate. And this Reflection a poor Ignorant Lad, juſt come from Guinea made of himſelf.*

Prieſt

Priest. I am sorry to see your Grace in a disposition so unfit to receive those sublime Truths, but pray let me ask you one sober Question. Is it not safer as well as more discreet, to fly into the Arms of a Church that is Infallible, than be guided by a wandring Meteor, by an *Ignis fatuus*, for I never heard the Gentlemen of your Communion pretend to be exempt from Error.

Duke. *That shows their Modesty, and I promise you, Father, to reply to you more particularly to this point, when your Doctors have agreed where to lodge their Infallibility. In the mean time, 'tis not worth your while to talk of it, for I shall lead you such a Wild-goose chase from general Councils, to the Conclave, and from thence to the* Cathreda, *and so back again, in an everlasting Circle, that you'll soon be weary of the Labirinth.*

Priest. Well then, your Grace cannot but own, that we are the only Church, that are possess'd of the sacred Treasure of Miracles, and these are such evident Demonstrations of ——

Duke. *Well, Father, since we have fallen again, I don't know how, upon the Chapter of Miracles, I will take care to entertain you with one that happened but last Winter in* Northumberland, *and comes confirmed from so many hands, both Catholick and Protestant, that he must be a rank Infidel indeed, who dares dispute the Credibility of it. But as I have one of the most Treacherous Memories in the World, I won't pretend to relate it to you my self, but one of my Servants shall do it. — Here,* (to one of his Gentlemen coming into the Room) *go bid* Long John *come to me immediately.*

Priest. Your Grace may save your self that trouble, if you please, for I am as well satisfied as if I heard it.

Duke. *Nay, you're no Priest for my Money, if you refuse to hear a Miracle, and what is more, a Catholick Miracle.* (Long John Enters) *Come* John, *you must oblige this Worthy Gentleman here, who is come upon no less Errand than the salvation of your Masters Soul, &c.*

the Relation of that famous miracle that happened laſt Winter in Nerthumberland.

John. Your Grace had always a right to command me. Why then, Sir, you are to underſtand, that within two Miles of my Lord *Widdrington's* Houſe in the above mentioned Country, there was a ſmall Village, (I am ſorry I have forgot its Name, but I hope I ſhall recover it anon) which wholly belongs to his Lordſhip, by the ſame token, moſt of the Inhabitants, in Complaiſance, I ſuppoſe, to their Landlord, are Roman Catholicks.

Duke. *Very well, proceed.*

John. An ancient Woman of this Village was accidently ſitting at her door, about Three in the Afternoon, when my Lord's Prieſt happened to bruſh by her. She immediately ran after him, and told him, dear Father, you muſt never think of going to his Lordſhip to Night, the ways are ſlippery, and full of Sloughs, the days are ſhort, and you'll certainly be benighted, before you can have got half the way thither; I tremble to think what would become of you, ſhould you loſe the Road, or fall into a ditch; therefore let me perſwade you to accept of a ſorry Supper and Loding at my Houſe: I am ſure my Lord will not be offended with you, and to morrow you'll have the whole day before you.

Duke. *And what reply made the Prieſt to all this?*

John. After a little humming and hawing upon the matter, he conſider'd 'twou'd be his wiſeſt way to take up his Quarters that night at the old Woman's, ſo he follow'd her to her Houſe, ſhe led him into a pretty ſnug parlour, made him a Fire, Noſe high, then going into the Yard, ſlew a Barn-door Fowl with her own Hands, clapt it on the Spit, and when 'twas ready, neatly diſh'd it up with Egg-ſawce, and who ſo chearful as ſhe and the *Prieſt*, over their Supper?

Duke. *'Twas well done.*

John.

John. Reſolving to give ſo worthy a Gueſt the beſt Entertainment her Houſe afforded, after Supper ſhe preſented him with a diſh of Nuts of her own gathering, and then thwack'd his Guts with Apples and Ale, and was very liberal of her Nutmeg and Sugar. Thus they paſs'd away the hours merily: At laſt Bed-time approached. Our good old Landlady ſhow'd the Father the Chamber he was to lie in, wiſhed him a happy Night, and departed; but being a curious Woman, as moſt of the Sex are poſſeſs'd with the Spirit of curioſity, ſhe peep'd through the Key-hole, to ſee how the Prieſt manag'd matters by himſelf.

Prieſt. Honeſt Friend you may drop your Miracle here, if you pleaſe, I'll hear no more on't —

Duke. Father, your zeal has got the heels of your Diſcretion. Upon my Word here's no trap laid for a Bawdy Jeſt; nothing, in ſhort, but what her Majeſty and her Maids of Honour may hear.

John. To her infinite ſurprize and admiration, She ſaw him jump ſtark naked as ever he was born, not into the ſheets, tho' they ſmelt moſt deliciouſly of Lavender and Roſes, but in the Blankets. Down Stairs ſhe hurries, full of Grief and Confuſion, which would not let her wink all Night; and Lord, cries ſhe, what 'a Wicked Age is this we live in, how cold and uncharitable, when a perſon of ſuch Merit and Learning, who has reſided too ſo long in the Family, has 'not a Shirt to put on his Back? I could never have 'thought my Lord ſo niggardly. Theſe Afflicting thoughts, wholly occaſioned by her Zeal for Religion and the profeſſors of it, made that impreſſion upon her, that ſhe did not enjoy a minutes repoſe that night. Early ſhe gets up the next Morning, and meaſured out ſix Ells of the fineſt Flaxen Linnen ſhe had, which was of her own Spinning. Preſently down comes the Father into her Parlour, ſhe enquires of him how he paſt the Night, and was raviſhed with Joy to hear he had

had ſlept ſo well. After this, comes in a Thundring Toaſt, with a full Tankard of humming Stale Beer: The Prieſt and ſhe ſoon ended it between them, and now ſhe had courage enough to tell him, what ſhe had obſerved the Night before. Father, ſays ſhe, I beg your pardon for being ſo impudent, as to peep thro' yo r Key hole laſt night; and truly I was griev'd to the Heart to ſee, that a Gentleman of your Education and great parts, ſhould be without a Shirt. Come, never bluſh for the matter, I know 'tis ſo; but here are ſix Ells of my beſt Linnen, which will make you two very good Shirts, and I humbly deſire you to accept of them.

Duke. *Why, Father, her's the Quinteſſence of true Chriſtianity for you.*

John. Well, Daughter, replies he, I accept of your preſent in good part (for Prieſts and Lawyers are ſeldom guilty of refunding) not that I ſhall have any occaſion of making uſe of it my ſelf, for you muſt underſtand, I belong to an order, which obliges us to wear Woollen next our Skin, but it may ſerve to make Towels for the Altar, and the like, and therefore I will take it with me: Then ordering the good Woman to kneel, he gave her his Benediction, and pray'd, that whatever ſhe began to do, after he was gone, ſhe might continue a doing, till Sun-ſetting.

Duke. *And what happen'd upon that?*

John. Our Landlady, little imagining, that a Miracle was entailed upon the Father's Bleſſing, very innocently fell to meaſure the ſmall remainder of Linnen ſhe had left, when to her great aſtoniſhment, and that of her Family, ſhe continued in this poſture, till the Sun was ſet, and got ſuch a prodigious quantity of Linnen by this means, that next Week ſhe was able to buy out her Leaſe, and is now the Topping Dame of the Pariſh.

Duke. *What think you now, Father, of* Long John's

John. This Miracle in a moment run through the four Northern Counties; every Village and Hamlet rung of it; nay, it crost'd the *Tweed*, and fill'd the Ears of the unbelieving *Scots*. The Priest, wherever he came, was Worshipt and Respected like a little Divinity, and the Woman was magnified by all as a true pattern of the primitive Zeal, Piety, and Charity, since Heaven had been at the pains to reward her in so extraordinary a manner.

Priest. Honest Friend let me desire you to be as concise as you can, for in plain Truth I am weary of your story already.

John. At the lower end of this Village (where the above mentioned Miraculous Scene happened) liv'd another old Woman, a Catholick likewise by perswasion, who hoping to gain as much by her Godliness, as her Neighbour had done before her, looked out as sharply for the Father, as a *Yorkshire* Attorney does for a purse-proud litigious Client. At last to her mighty satisfaction, she sees him go by her door, immediately she Trots after him, tells him of the depth of the ways, and the great danger he run of being lost, desires him to consult his own Safety, and not expose him to those Casualities which he might so reasonably expect from the badness of the ways, and the darkness of the nights. With these plausible Insinuations, she wheedles the Priest into her House, and to secure him entirely into her Interest, treats him with a shoulder of Mutton and a couple of Capons for Supper.

Duke. *She took the right course to gain her point, I must needs own; for ever while you live, Father, tickle a Priest and a Woman by the Belly, if you intend to make them yours.*

John. When the Table-cloath was taken away, our cunning Hypocrite, who was resolved to out do her Neighbours Entertainment in every respect, and therefore had laid in her Provisions accordingly, brings

in a double bottle of Metheglin, fil's a Bumper and begins prosperity to the Catholick Religion. She tells the Father, that a judicious Person lately told her, that a Cardinal was coming from *Rome*, who was to make his publick appearance in *Cheap side*, in Cloth of beaten Silver and Gold, marry was he, and that he was to convert the whole Nation, and then, Father, (says she) we shall see happy times. The honest Priest was so taken up with his Pot and Pipe, that he neither opposed, nor seemed to approve her Discourse. In this manner they drank and prattled, till the Liquor finding a way into their Pericraniums, they cou'd hardly see one another. The Priest, unable to hold up his Head any longer, desired to be conducted to the Room where he was to lie that Night; the old Woman, with much ado, gets him up stairs, leads him to his bed wishes him a thousand good nights, and so leaves him with a trusty Jug of Ale by his bed-side, that if he waked in the night, he might have something to refresh his Conscience and Thirst at once.

Duke. *Well said* John.

John. By that time the Priest had rigged himself and was come down into the parlour, our ancient Matron had tossed up a nice Break-fast, out of the remainders of the Capons, which being highly season'd proved a very effectual Shoeing horn for t'other Bumper. And now with Tears in her Eyes, she began the same Story, as her Neighbour had done, lamenting the horrid Ingratitude of the times, that so learned and Devout a Man as he, should want a Shirt; to prevent which, for the future, as far as it lay within her small capacity, she made bold to make him a small present of a dozen Ells of her best Linnen Cloath.

Priest. You'll never have done, I'm afraid.

John. The Priest, who was not Conjurer enough to drive into the bottom of her Heart, to know whether she was guided by any Mercenary by-ends, or whether

her Intentions were real, heartily thanked her for the noble present she had made him, and folding it up under his great Coat, bid her kneel down, and laying his Sacerdotal Fist upon her Head, he gave her his Blessing, and pray'd, that whatever this good Woman began to do after he was gone, she might continue a doing till Sun-setting.

Duke. *And what fell out upon this?*

John. The Father was no sooner got over the Threshold, but our Matron, who had laid all her Tackle in readiness, was going to measure the remainder of her Linnen; but then considering upon second thoughts, what a large Mornings Draught she had taken with the *Priest*, and being a Wise prudent Woman into the Bargain, she thought it wou'd be convenient to make a little Water, before she fell to work: She did so, and continued in mingent circumstances from the morning till night, evacuating so plentiful a Stream, that she in a manner occasioned a second Deluge. In short, all the low Lands in *Northumberland* suffered by it. Twenty four Mills upon strict examination, were found to be overwhelm'd by this sudden inundation; besides, Cottages and Hay-ricks numberless. This old Woman, conscious of her own Deceit and Hypocrisie, has not dared to show her head among her Neighbours, since this fatal Accident. All true Catholicks rejoyce at the just dispensation of Heaven's Favours, and so my Story concludes.

Duke. *Come* John, *there's something to make you amends for the pains you have taken.* (*John* bows, and quits the Room.) *Well, Father, what's your opinion now of this Miracle.*

Priest. Out of Respect to your Grace, I was content to sit out the whole Story, tho' I guess'd at first whereabouts it would end. But since your Grace is pleas'd to demand my Opinion, all I can say in the matter is, that it was contrived on purpose to make us poor suffering Catholicks ridiculous to the People. Duke,

Duke. 'Alas! poor Sufferers, in truth I pity you. 'However, Father, I dare lay a small Wager with 'you, that where your Church has Suffer'd once, she 'has made the Reformed Suffer a hundred times. I 'need not descend to particulars, every Country in *Europe* being able to bear Testimony to this Truth.

Priest. I find then, I can expect to make no Proselite of your Grace.

Duke. 'Be assured, that neither you, nor any of 'your Cloth will ever gain that point upon me — I 'tell thee, Father, frankly and freely, that were there 'no Idolatry, nor Superstition, nor Cheating practised 'by thy Church, as I am sure there is, I would have 'nothing to do with her, while she damns all that are 'not within her own pale, which is almost three parts 'in four of the Globe. A Church without Charity, the 'distinguishing Character of our Religion, for all she 'Glitters with Jewels and Gold, is no Church for me, 'I promise you.

Priest. Tho' I have been unsuccessful in my well-meant Endeavours, yet I shall always continue to pray for your Graces Conversion.

Duke. 'As for that, do as you please, it signifies no-'thing; but fail not to commend me to their Maje-'sties, and tell them; that tho' I cannot bring my 'self to be of their perswasion, yet they have not a 'more dutiful Subject in their three Dominions than 'I am. *After a few Compliments, his Grace and the Priest parted.*

FINIS.

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